

Report  
of  
College Hall  
Old Students' Association,  
1917-18.

Printed by  
ST. CLEMENTS PRESS, LTD.  
Portugal Street, Kingsway,  
W.C.2.

**Past Presidents.**

Miss GROVE, 1896-1905.  
Miss MORISON, 1905-1912.  
Miss MACDONALD, 1913-1916.

**President.**

Miss BOILEAU.

**Vice-Presidents.**

Miss ALDRICH-BLAKE.

Miss ALLEYNE.

Miss HOLLINGS.

Miss LINDSELL.

Miss I. M. MACDONALD.

Mrs. COLMAN.

**Committee.**

Miss BRAND.

Mrs. COLMAN.

Miss DOVE.

Mrs. GORDON.

Miss STAVELEY.

Miss SCOTT.

Miss WIGRAM.

**TREASURER:**

Miss E. A. FRASER, Pasture Wood House, Abinger Common,  
Surrey.

**SECRETARY:**

Miss BUER, 46, Beaufort Mansions, S.W.3.

**BANKERS:**

The National Provincial and Union Bank of England,  
250, Regent Street.



## The College Hall Old Students' Association.

Founded January 16th, 1896.

**Objects.**—The original object of the Association was to enable past Students to keep in touch with one another, but the scope of its activities was much widened by the Grove-Morison Bequests. The Grove Bequest of £500 was received in 1905, and the Morison Bequest of £500 in 1912. These bequests were made to the Association unconditionally, but are nevertheless regarded as a Trust. The interest arising from the investment of the capital sums has been applied from time to time for the benefit of members of the Association, and individual present Students in need of monetary assistance. These grants are administered by a special sub-committee, whose proceedings are strictly confidential. Donations have also been made to the Bungalow.

**Membership.**—All Students who have resided at College Hall and have now left are eligible for membership.

All Students in residence who have been three years at the Hall are eligible for membership.

The subscription is 2s. per annum, or £1 10s. for life.

**Privileges of Members.**—Members may use the College Hall Library (as a Reference Library only), and may have Luncheon, Supper, or Dinner at the Hall at a charge of 1s.

Resolution of Council of College Hall, June 8th, 1903 :—

“That Old Students wishing to avail themselves of the privilege of staying occasionally as guests at the Hall must make application to the Principal.”

The guest fee for Old Students is 6s. per night. No guest may reside at the Hall at this reduced fee for Old Students for longer than one week. In case of longer residence the ordinary guest-fee will be charged.

**Meetings.**—Two meetings are held during the year, the Annual Business Meeting in January, and a Social Meeting in November. The Committee is elected annually at the Business Meeting.



## Report for 1917-18.

**The Autumn Meeting.**—Owing to difficulties in travelling, etc., the Committee decided to hold the Social Meeting on the same day as the Annual Meeting. The Annual Meeting is now necessarily held in January, in order to coincide with the election of the Old Students' Representative. The Social Meeting was accordingly held on January 26th. The attendance was very good for these strenuous times. The feature of the afternoon was Mrs. Jan Gordon's account of some of her experiences in Serbia. She has been good enough to write a similar account for publication in this Report. The thanks of the Association are due not only to Mrs. Gordon but to Mr. Elwes, who most kindly showed Mrs. Gordon's slides as well as other interesting ones from his own collection.

The meeting took place at the time of the most acute food difficulties, and the Hall was not able to provide anything (except a loaf of bread), not even milk! However, a much harassed Secretary triumphantly produced a tea, though but of the war-time variety.

**The 22nd Annual Business Meeting** was held on Saturday, January 26th, 1918, Miss Boileau in the chair. Miss Alleyne and fifteen other members present.

The Treasurer presented the accounts, which will be found on page 23. She pointed out that the Secretary's expenses were considerably less than usual owing to no Social Meeting having taken place in 1917.

The officers and committee were re-elected.

Miss Alleyne explained the Council's proposal to raise a special contribution to the Ramsay Memorial Fund from the members and past and present students of College Hall. The co-operation of the Association was asked. The Secretary was authorized to circulate members of the Association as to this project.

**Grove-Morison Bequest.**—A resolution was passed authorizing the payment of the deficit on the ordinary account out of this fund. The Principal having stated that the Bungalow Fund was in abeyance it was decided to leave the remaining income for the year in the hands of the special sub-committee, for the purpose of grants to past and present students.

**Secretary's Report.**—The year, perhaps, has been chiefly marked for the Association by the fact that it has received something approaching official recognition by the Hall authorities. Though the Association was not made the medium for the election of the Old Students' Representative, under the bye-laws governing that election it is laid down that it should, if possible, be held on the same day as the Association's Annual Meeting. It was the obvious intention of the Council



that the Association should take an active interest in the election. The Committee therefore approached Miss Bell, who consented to stand for election. The Committee also instructed the Secretary to point out to the Council that the choice of Old Students' Representative was much hampered owing to the fact that only Members of the Hall were eligible for election, and that Members of Council nominated to represent other bodies were made Honorary Members of the Hall. Though the Council did not feel in a position definitely to commit itself, from its reply the Secretary gathered that any duly elected Old Students' Representative would ordinarily be made an Honorary Member of the Hall. The Association also received a paragraph in the College Hall Report. The Principal, on the other hand, has kindly contributed to our Report some notes on life at the Hall during last session. We hope this will become an annual feature. Since the notes were written an important step extending the Hall's activities has been taken, namely, the establishment of an annexe in Gordon Place in order, to some extent, to meet the appeals (for this is the word rather than application) for entrance next Session.\* All Old Students will rejoice in Byng's popularity and prosperity, and will heartily congratulate Miss Alleyne. We have to thank her for her cordial welcome to Old Students when they visit the Hall, for

\* Blankets are a great difficulty. If any Old Student can give one or more, the Principal will be very grateful. Donations or loans of furniture would also be welcome. Will any donor please communicate *at once* with the Principal.

her continued interest in the Association, and for the trouble which she, the Bursar, and the domestic staff take in connection with our meetings.

We were glad to welcome Miss Lindsell at our Annual Meeting. She is now an Assistant Supervisor in the W.A.A.C.'s.

Miss Kemp is reported to have had many exciting adventures in France, but details are not available.

The Secretary is still pining for information as to the activities of members.

**Old Students' Representative on Council.**—The only nomination being that of Miss M. C. Bell, M.B., B.S., she was declared duly elected.

Members of the Association who have the necessary qualifications are earnestly requested to put their names on the Roll. Requests should be addressed to the Bursar at College Hall, from whom all particulars can be obtained.



## Experiences in Serbia.

### Doctors, Nurses and Orderlies.

The Royal Free unit, in charge of Mr. Berry, left for Serbia in January, 1915. Nurses and doctors need no description, but we orderlies were a strange collection—among the women were a teacher from West Africa, an International hockey player, a doctor of philosophy, and a doctor's wife, who brought a sewing machine; the men included a sculptor, a painter, a singer, and a man who usually wandered about judging at horse shows. My husband and I were chosen chiefly because we had lived in the filthiest parts of Europe without getting typhoid.

The little frontier town between Greece and Serbia struck us as being quite Turkish. The railway station was full of women dressed in vermillion, purple, emerald green striped skirts or baggy trousers, embroidered aprons, stockings with magenta roses round the ankles, and brilliant headkerchiefs. The men wore fez caps, and a lock of hair was spared on their shaven polls to give Allah a chance to draw them up to Heaven.

All this part of Serbia having been in Turkish hands until the first Balkan war was far more Oriental than Slav in character.

Some American nurses from the hospital near by said that 15 of them were struggling with 1,500 patients and their chief doctor was dying of typhus. Night nursing was impossible, and in the mornings they counted the newly dead and often found that some soldiers had crept in from the barracks suffering from diphtheria or typhus and had slipped into bed with the wounded men.

This gave us the delicious feeling that we were badly wanted, so we accomplished the 24 hour journey with remarkable cheeriness for people who had been hearing horrors.

Vrnjatchka Banja, a goodly little place in the mountains, was our destination. All the cafés had been turned into hospitals hurriedly when war first broke out and things had never been got straight. The Serbs had not enough doctors to go round, and the nursing (of sorts) had to be done by Austrian orderlies. Beds were pushed together so that three men could sleep in two beds. They still wore their battle clothes or underlinen, with overcoats flung over their beds, and were covered with lice—which transmitted typhus broadcast. We passed a big café window to see through a thick blue haze of tobacco smoke (no open windows) a man dying, with his feet on his dinner plate; several days later he died, still with his feet on the same plate.

Mr. Berry took on gradually six large buildings, which we thoroughly cleaned and turned into hospitals. A typhus barracks was built, and when the soldiers arrived in batches of 60 or so, they were set upon by the opera



singer, artists, horsy man, and some Austrian prisoners, stripped, bathed, and completely shaved, and put into a sort of quarantine hospital for 15 days, to see if typhus would develop. One of my jobs was—dressed like a clown in cotton baggy trousers tightly tied round the ankles—to wrest their clothes from them and tie them up in labelled bags, explaining that their bits of bacon and cream cheese could not possibly go in the bags, as everything was going into the sulphur room before boiling.

As the summer came on we got more and more busy with out-patients—simple, broad-faced peasants who walked for ten hours with bad diphtheria or typhus, and who thought we were something magic dropped from the skies, with wonderful bottles of elixir.

In July we decided to take a holiday, as work became slack and ten new people arrived from England, so we disappeared for seven weeks, wandering through Serbia, Albania, and Montenegro, mostly on horseback. We started at Nish by taking over about £1,000 worth of provisions for an English hospital in Montenegro, and getting it put into some luggage vans. As there were about 37 beds, we set up two with mattresses, etc., in the van and decided to travel most comfortably for the next two days. But we did not reckon on Serbian shunting, and the first bang shot us off the beds (luckily), for the 35 other beds, which were propped up, smashed down and collapsed at the feet of our beds completely. For the next three hours or so we were hurled across

the van, helplessly and fruitlessly clinging to packing-cases, and between the bangs trying to push back the top packing-cases, which insisted on overlapping and threatening to fall in on us. It was like the Spanish Inquisition. The next day we emerged, bruised and sore, to make acquaintance with the engine driver, who was amazed to find that he had been knocking two human beings about, and we prudently gave him a bar of yellow soap. That night we were shunted exquisitely.

At Ugetse, in the north of Serbia, we commandeered 60 donkeys for the provisions, and three horses and a guide for ourselves. Then off we went, single-file, over the mountain passes into Montenegro. The first day's ride was 13 hours long (the second time I had ridden astride). We could not get to our destination before dark because the guide was anxious to show us his mother's cottage—one hour's ride out of the way. However, he led us up a steeple-like hill to a place which, he assured us, was full of beautiful beds. "Why," he said, "there is a church and a school there." So there were, but there were only two or three huts. An old woman popped her head out of a door, and when asked if she had any beds, dolefully shook her head and said "Ima." This in Serbia means "Yes." So we inspected the beautiful beds; the sheets and pillow case were brown and shiny with the use of years. However, we popped our mackintosh sheets over them, took off our boots, offered the second bed to the guide, who had



only a slushy stable to sleep in. Once the light went out, the rooms began to tick, millions of tick tacks. Then the rats came out and jumped over our heads. However, we soon slept.

I will not describe the idiosyncrasies of each stopping place for the next seven weeks. Needless to say it was all absorbingly interesting. Most of the towns were quite Turkish in character with minarets and muezzins, and women veiled far more strictly than in Constantinople and Tangier. Having been accustomed to the inconspicuous life of artists it took us some time to realise that the shabby unshaved people who met us everywhere and did all they could for us were brothers-in-law, cousins and nephews of the king. However, in about three weeks and a half, I expected the whole town to turn out on our arrival every evening, and was much affronted to find the Prefect of Podzoritzza was asleep and nothing arranged. "Produce him," I said, stamping my foot—and he was produced.

The Commander-in-Chief, Sirdar Voukolich, was extremely kind and let us go to the front with some madcap officers, who suggested that we should go to the Maxim guns which were nearest the enemy. Thereupon we, to our amazement, rode up and down hills that we thought only existed for Italian soldiers on the cinema. "Come along," said the Colonel, and his horse's head went down and its tail up, ours did the same, and we slid down the hill perpendicular fashion, amazed to find that we did not fall off, more so that

the horses never stumbled. This went on, up and down hill, all day, sometimes hurrying when we were in view of the Austrians. Once in the trenches we had lunch there, and afterwards formed a procession to the Maxim gun in order that I should fire it. The Austrians indignantly fired back, and for about 20 minutes or so the hills echoed with the crack, crack, crack, crack of Maxims, and the crack of rifles. While being shown the view I heard a few hurried whistles round my head, and my husband, while taking a photograph, was suddenly aware of two gnats too pressed for time to wait. Altogether a ridiculous and inconsequent day, but thank goodness for one's mad moments.

There is no time to describe our other adventures—how my husband threw a man in the river who was jumping with hobnailed boots on to an old Albanian's bare feet, and how through this I was invited into a harem in Ipek, a rare chance, as Christians are kept much more at bay in these out-of-the-way parts than in the much visited Orient.

After our holiday and after more work in the hospital came the retreat. My husband was put in charge of the Englishmen from the various units near by. I collected an extremely cheerful girl who was in a hurry to get to England and we set off with small knapsacks and blankets on the top of the train, as there was no room inside. We slept that night on the floor of a telegraph office in Kralijévo, and spent the next few days waiting for some carts to take us as far as roads existed—some



three days' journey, and taking part in the general struggle for food—for Kralijévo had become the capital *pro tem*.

On leaving the town we formed part of a procession of refugees fifty kilometres long, carts, motors, wounded soldiers and 30,000 boys between 13 and 17—all of them breadless and white faced. They had eaten up their bread three days before. I believe about 15,000 survived. When the early November dark caught us, we had to stop; some lay in the carts (one nurse who pillowed her head on the hay swore that a horse mixed up her hair and the hay and gave her head a good tug). My husband, a very long barrister, and myself shared an indiarubber sheet which we laid on a nice soft strip of mud. It began to rain and my husband and I had our only real tiff. I had the fidgets, and whenever I plunged the mackintosh covering us poured the pools of water it collected down his neck. At three o'clock in the morning, after much wrangling, an exasperated voice rose from the indiarubber sheet—"Woman, *will* you lie still!—and the barrister still cherishes doubts as to our conjugal bliss.

Again, I will not describe each resting place. We had five weeks mostly tramping on foot. After we got rid of the carts we had four horses to carry our knapsacks, blankets, food; and the biscuit tins, in which we boiled the rice, was swarming with fleas. However, curried it was quite palatable. There were no roads, only bridle paths, which sometimes vanished and we lost

our way. We never knew where we would sleep, and tramped from dawn until dusk, enjoying gorgeous weather, but very anxious as to whether anyone would fall seriously ill. We could hear the Austrians for some time. My husband worked out a new route on the map, which everyone said did not exist; however, the ragged Albanians on the streets of Novi Bazar said: "Yes, it was possible and easy to get over the mountains in that direction, and much better than the Ipak Pass," which we had done on horseback on our holiday.

One night we stayed with some Albanian peasants who were supposed to be going to cut our throats. On the contrary they were charming, and would accept no money for the room, which was the smallest I have ever seen for 13 people. We could not possibly all sit on the floor, so we propped up two men on a shelf, where they sadly grumbled all night. As there was no ventilation someone opened the door on to the garden, but there was a scamb'e, savage growls, and barking of many dogs, so the door was slammed to in much alarm. Someone else lit a match and wished he hadn't, for our horrified eyes blinked at an endless procession of hungry bugs emerging from all sides of the wooden wall. I didn't know that so many bugs existed in Europe!

I must cut out the next weeks (we could not change our clothes for 15 days, and once again for 10 days), and land us at a little port in Albania, San Giovanni da Medina, where we waited for a week in



hopes that a boat would take us across. Every night, in all our clothes, we lay down on the dirty bar-room floor, hoping to be called up. At last we heard that the only boat which intended to leave the harbour was a French one, strictly forbidden to take passengers, and that was to leave secretly next morning. We hunted the harbour for the captain, and never have we worked so hard at persuasion. At last, as we had nothing but starvation in front of us, he consented to take us.

Next morning we got our call and were soon in the boat, watched over by an Italian torpedo destroyer, and far away in the distance by an English cruiser, and quite close by a submarine, of which we saw the periscope.

On arriving at Bearritz we heard that the submarine was an Austrian!

C. GORDON.

## Byng, 1916-17.

On the first day of the Session 1916-17 I picked up and brought to the Hall in triumph an enormous horse-shoe, which immediately found a home (hung the right way up) behind our front door, and may have had its part in bringing us the pleasant and successful year that followed. On the first night of the Session 1917-18 I secured, as a curiosity for future generations at "Byng," an ugly jagged piece of shell that had thundered against our back door during a weary vigil in the basements, and perhaps that may be said to have struck the dominant note of the present session, which may be known as "The Air-raid Session"—let us hope it will not be necessary to add the qualifying adjective first.

The autumn term began in the midst of a week of air raids, and the twenty-five new students, many of whom had never been in London before, had a violent plunge into the excitement and variety of life here, and an intimate introduction to the Hall, for in their first three nights they spent more hours in the basements than any pre-war student had probably spent minutes in her whole course. It is regrettable that cameras are forbidden in the London area, as snapshots taken during our roll-call below stairs, after the summons of the fire-bell, would surely be of interest not only to ourselves but also to past and future Byngites. Many and wonderful are the costumes that appear, many and ingenious the devices



for passing the enforced watches down below, and we do our best to act up to the maxim pinned to the wall by some cheery optimist: "If you can't be aisy, be as aisy as you can!" We have all been accustomed to enumerate amongst the advantages of this Hall the fact that it is "so central," and this is also true of the raid area. We have reason to remember with gratitude our pious founders and benefactors as we sit secure, if somewhat chilly, cramped, and weary, in our well-built dug-out on this home front, and hear the fierce bombardment all round us, shells screaming overhead, or the throbbing of the Gotha engines, or the rattle of the Lewis guns in the air duels; or as we feel the ground shake with an explosion, such as that followed by the crash of shattered glass in the vicinity or the rumble of falling masonry as a neighbouring hotel loses a pinnacle.

But in spite of these occasional nocturnal visitations life goes on cheerily and industriously. Here and there a student may find the strain too great and withdraw regretfully for the duration of the war, but such vacancies are soon filled and applications continue in excess of the accommodation, and the need for its increase is becoming a matter of urgency. Considerably more than half the House is now composed of Medicals, and as many of these are starting on their course at the age of 17, with a view to qualifying for work of national importance at the earliest possible moment, it is very desirable that these young students should be relieved as far as possible from the complications and burdens of domestic life nowadays

that are taken off their shoulders in a Hall of Residence, and coming on straight from school, shall share in the advantages and privileges of collegiate life. There is no question that the present students realise this themselves, and swear by "Byng" as staunchly as any generation has done, adapting themselves with the utmost good humour to the limitations and restrictions of present-day conditions, so that it is still possible here to continue on our early Christian basis, having even our rationed foodstuffs in common.

The re-institution twice a week of after-dinner coffee (of a strictly war-time quality) has brought to light much musical and dramatic talent, which never fails to provide a delightful and varied entertainment before the moment arrives to disperse for the serious study of the evening. Members of the C.H.O.S.A. who were present at our last Hallow E'en Party will bear testimony to this, and as they recall the inimitable final tableau of the Prussian family taking its morning hate, they will scarcely wonder that swift retribution followed, and that hardly had our guests got safely home before we ourselves were forced to descend to our basement fortress during a three hours' determined attack by an exasperated foe!

Past students will like to know that the Crabb-Robinson Trustees continue their kindly interest in the Hall, and to their generosity this year we owe the renovation of the Broadwood piano, which is now a great feature in our social life. The balance of Miss Rosa Morison's legacy to the Library Fund, about £50, has



provided a welcome addition of upwards of 250 volumes to our shelves, and the newly-constituted Library Committee meets regularly to transact its business, to the advantage of all the residents.

Reference has already been made to the closing of the Bungalow, but it is greatly hoped that this may be a war-time measure only, and we are keeping the balance of our fund on deposit as a nucleus with which to start a Country Cottage again at the first possible moment.

For the list of present students, examination results, vacation, war activities and other matters of interest connected with the Hall members are referred to the Report of the Council, a copy of which is sent to every Past Student whose name is entered on the Roll.

In conclusion, may I take this opportunity of expressing, on behalf of us all, our thanks to the C.H.O.S.A. for the grant to the Bungalow Fund, and for invitations to us all to their social gatherings, and our assurance that any member will always find a hearty welcome among us whenever she is able to spare time to revisit her old haunts at "Byng."

THYRA B. ALLEYNE.

REVENUE ACCOUNT for the year ending 31st December, 1917.			
Dr.			Cr.
To Subscriptions .. ..	£ s. d.	By Printing, Postage and Stationery .. ..	£ s. d.
" Sum appropriated from Life Membership Fees .. ..	5 18 6		9 3 5
" Interest from investments, 1917 .. ..	1 9 0		
" Deficit .. ..	1 15 11		
	<u>£9 3 5</u>		<u>£9 3 5</u>
GROVE-MORISON BEQUEST ACCOUNT.			
Dr.			Cr.
To Balance in hand at January 1st, 1917 .. ..	£ s. d.	By Grant to a past Student .. ..	£ s. d.
" Interest from investments, 1917 .. ..	46 6 4	" Grant to Bungalow Fund .. ..	10 0 0
" Interest on Deposit Account .. ..	25 17 8	" Grant to a present Student .. ..	9 0 0
	2 0 0	" Allocated to cover deficit on Revenue Account, .. ..	1 15 11
	<u>£74 4 0</u>	" Balance in hand .. ..	£30 15 11
			<u>£74 4 0</u>
BALANCE SHEET at December 31st, 1917.			
LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
Balance in Life Membership Account .. ..	£ s. d.	Balance at Bank—Current Account .. ..	£ s. d.
" in Grove-Morison Bequest Account .. ..	38 3 0	" Deposit Account .. ..	31 11 1
	43 8 1		50 0 0
	<u>£81 11 1</u>		<u>£81 11 1</u>

ELIZABETH A. FRASER, Hon. Treasurer.

Examined and found correct,

A. H. SIMPSON.

April 27th, 1918.



## List of Members.

*Members are requested to inform the Secretary of any change of address or of Work.*

\*Life Member.

- \*ALDRICH-BLAKE, L.B., M.D., M.S., 17, Nottingham Place, W.; Surgeon, New Hosp. for Women, and Canning Town Medical Mission Hospital.
- ALTON, Mrs. (E. S. Seaton), Crossways, Pembroke Road, Maybury, Woking.
- \*ARMSTRONG, K., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., 57, Redington Road, Hampstead, N.W.3; Assistant Pathologist, Royal Free Hospital.
- AXFORD, M., Royal Naval Hospital, Haslar, Gosport, Hants.
- BADCOCK, L. T., Walgrave, Northampton; Medical Student, Charing Cross Hospital.
- BARKER, E. M., 15, Margaret Street, W.1; Art Mistress, Whitethorns, Stoke Mandeville, Aylesbury.
- BELL, M. C., M.B., B.S. (Lond.), 114A, Harley Street, W.1. Consulting Practice. School Inspection under L.C.C. Consulting Work in Psycho-therapeutics.
- \*BENNETT, Mrs. E. W. (M. L. Sprigg), Rothesay House, West Worthing.
- BENSON, N., Green Ways Flower Farm, Penn, High Wycombe; Food production.
- BERGTHEIL, Mrs. (E. Dunnington), Sirseah, Muzuffarpur, India.
- BILGRAMI, Mrs. S. H. Imadul Mulk, L.S.A. (Lond.), M.B. (Brux.), Rocklands, Sifeabad, Hyderabad, Deccan, India.
- \*BIRCH, Mrs. (Clay), Bourne End, Filey, Yorks; Commandant V.A.D. Hospital, Filey.

- BOILEAU, M. L. A., M.B., B.S. (Lond.), Ketteringham Park, Wymondham, Norfolk; Infants' welfare; Commandant of Red Cross Hospital. Infant Welfare Clinic. Lecturing for National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases. Commissioner and Examiner for Girl Guides.
- BRADFORD, D. E., The Studio, 103, Gower Street, W.C.1.
- BRADSHAW, V., St. Mark's Lodge, S. Farnborough, Hants; 27, Cheyne Row, S.W.3; Motor Driver.
- BRAND, E. M., L.S.A., 14, Parliament Hill, Hampstead, N.W.3; R.M.O. Women's Settlement Hospital, Balaam Street, Plaistow, E.
- \*BRODRICK, M., Ph.D., F.R.G.S., Ladies' Athenæum Club, 31, Dover Street, W.; War work in Palestine.
- BUCKBY, D. H., B.A., 26, Weaponness Valley, Scarborough.
- BUER, M. C., B.Sc. (Econ) 46, Beaufort Mansions, Chelsea, S.W.3; Acting Lecturer in Economics at Reading University College.
- CALLAWAY, C. J., 47, Weymouth Street, W.1; V.A.D. Royal Free Hospital.
- CARRICK, E., 2, St. Bedes Park, Sunderland; Art Mistress at Lady Manners' School, Bakewell, and St. Anselm's, Bakewell.
- CARRINGTON, D., 3, Gower Street, W.C. Fine Arts.
- CHODAK, Mrs. (Cuthbert, H. H.), M.D., M.R.C.P. (Lond.), 31, Devonshire Place, W., and 16, Gordon Mansions, Francis Street, W.C.1; Consulting Physician and Assistant Physician Women's Hospital for Children, Harrow Road; Temporary Assistant Physician, Royal Free Hospital, etc.
- \*CLOUGH, I. N., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (c/o J. W. S. Clough, Esq., 42, Downs Park East, Bristol; R.M.O., Holdsworth Memorial Hospital, Mysore, S. India.



COLLET, C. E., M.A., Fellow of University College, 81, South Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.3; Senior Investigator Ministry of Labour.

COLLIER, I., 3, Robsart House, Kenton Street, W.C.1.

\*COLMAN, Mrs. (D. Caine), M.D., 9, Wimpole Street, W.1; Clinical Assistant at the Children's Hospital, Harrow Road. Infant Consultations at Holborn and Saffron Hill. On Medical Board, Q.M.A.A.C.

COOKE, E. S., M.B., B.S., Burnmoor, Egmont Road, Sutton, Surrey; Asst. Female Med. Off. to G.P.O.

\*CORDINGLEY, G. M., M.A. (Sydney), L.M.S.S.A., 4, Nottingham Place, W. 1; Pathologist to the Military Block, Royal Free Hospital.

\*COURTAULD, E., L.S.A., M.D. (Brux.), Cut Hedge, Halstead, Essex.

\*DAINTREE, D. T., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., 7, Chepstowe Road, Croydon, Surrey.

DEARNLEY, G., M.B., B.S., The Vicarage, Parr, Lancs.; Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.; Endell Street Military Hospital.

DENDY, F. M., B.Sc., The Training College, Norwich; and 46, Fordwych Road, Cricklewood, N.W.; Mathematical Lecturer at Training College.

DENHAM, G. M., The Precinct, Rochester.

DENT, Mrs. (H. P. Barnes), M.B., B.S., Glenoutry, Chippenham, Wilts.

DIBBLEE, B. M., Oxf. Hon. Sch. Mod. Hist., c/o Henry Greg, Esq., Lode Hill, Styal, Cheshire; 25, Margaretta Terrace, Chelsea, S.W.3; Painting, lithography, etching, teaching. War Work, Food Economy and War Savings, Lambeth.

DICK, Mrs. T. S. (J. Hillman), c/o Mrs. Hillman, Keresley, Coventry.

DOUGALL, E. M., 13, Mount Ephraim Road, Tunbridge Wells; Assistant Welfare Supervisor, National Projectile Factory, Sheffield.

\*DOVE, E. L., M.B. (Lond.), Hon. Nat. Sci. Triip. (Cambridge), 11, Jenner House, Hunter Street, W.C.1; Medical Research Work, Public Health Laboratory, University College, Voluntary visiting for London Association in aid of Mentally Deficient.

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